

W HOLE NUMBER 7,781

PHILOSOPHICAL NOTES.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Unity Club.

Mr. George Fairbank and Miss Fairbank of New Bedford, have been visiting friends in this city this week.

Mr. Joseph S. Lewis, of New Bedford has been in town this week.

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Artillery Company was a guest at
one hundred and twentieth anniver
sary banquet of the United Train of Ar
tillery in Providence Tuesday evening.

Messrs. Andrew J. DeBelle and G.
H. Pound have returned from a visit
to the Adiant Fair.

The Misses Rachel and Sarah Po
son have returned from a visit to W
ilmington, D. C.

D. Henry Eroyd has returned f
a visit to the South.

Mr. Wm. B. Lewis, of Providence
has been in the city this week.

Honey is, by purchase from one of the
hoirs, a one-eighteenth owner of the

Osmond Tiffany, a member of prominent Maryland family, died in Baltimore on Monday, aged 62. He was a Custom House official twenty years, but retired many years ago, and had since devoted himself to literary work and travel. He is the author of "Recollections of Newport" and many magazine articles and was for a long period a most interesting correspondent to *THE ENQUIRER*. He was at one time a resident of Newport and maintained his affection for this place up to the time of his death. He married the sister of Gov. Wm. Pinkney Whyte. Their daughters resulted from the union, of whom was the wife of Francis S.

Death of George W. Gibbons.

Rev. Marion McAllister, D. D., died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., Tuesday, was well known in this city where he has preached many times as at one time pastor of Emma Church.

Salvation Army Hall was the scene of a very enjoyable entertainment Tuesday evening given by the City Mission in honor of Mr. D. B. Fitts' return from a month's sojourn in Boston.

Col. Reginald Norman, of Governor Lippitt's staff, entertained at dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Congregational Ball.

Capt. R. J. Gill, late in command

up here and so small an object as the pan was killed easily." The latter in the past, "wondering how much he had to eat," said he had enough to eat for a year, and Gov. Lippitt rejoined: "Yes, but there must have been one of those chickens for breakfast this morning."

Nearly the entire party is made up of old soldiers, and the majority are members of the G. A. R. though the fact is merely accidental, there having been no previous arrangements. Mr. Taft, of the jollies; members of the party, son of ex-Gov. Taft, of Rhode Island.

Today at 1 o'clock the party will be on for Atlanta. —(Chatanooga Times.)

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrett

and he did in all earnestness and in prayer, that his hearers might be deemed worthy of its never ending joys.

MIDDLETOWN.

which covered from his attack of malaria he took his office a short time each

THE TAX ON BACHELORS

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

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CHAPTER III.

The conversation was interrupted by that young lady, who came forward to meet them, with both hands extended and her gown trailing behind her in a way that suggested Tom beyond measure. He had read of women who wore trailing gowns, but it had never been his misfortune to see one until now. To his fastidious mind it seemed shockingly untidy, and an untidy woman was, in his opinion, the most pitiable spectacle imaginable.

"I thought you were never coming," Tom, dear," said Daisy, taking his hands in hers and smiling up into his face. "And now that you are here I have a great mind to keep you all to myself."

"I want to get acquainted with him," she added, speaking to Mr. Parkhurst, who stood by her side. "I presume you know that we are engaged to be married?"

"Tom has told me. I'll offer congratulations when we are alone," replied Daisy, looking at Tom. "Shall you allow that?"

"I will answer when I am sure of his intentions," replied poor Tom.

"He thinks you could not make up your mind to do it," said Daisy, turning to Mr. Parkhurst. "He doesn't know how we behaved when you were in Wheeling, does he? It seems ever so nice to see you again, dear Mr. Parkhurst. Let us sit together on that couch in the corner, where we can talk over old times."

"I thought you were going to give your exclusive attention to Tom?"

"I have changed my mind. Tom has a quality that makes my eyes ache, and his ears are ever so much too large. I think I shall like him better if I see very little of him. It is quite necessary, you know, that we should avoid becoming too antagonistic, for we must spend a great deal of time together."

Daisy's voice was soft and sweet, but very clear. Tom was quite sure that several of the callers who had happened in had heard her allusion to his squint.



Illustration of a man and a woman sitting on a bench, looking at each other.

"Shall you allow that?" Daisy's eyes and his large ears—the only defects by which nature had sought to mar an otherwise perfect exterior. Tom was very sensitive concerning these defects, and his friends had humored his sensitiveness for so long a time that he had begun to believe that no one noticed them but himself. Miss Daisy's criticism did not serve to increase his love for her.

Tom tried to make himself entertaining to Stella Manning, mother of Mrs. Ridgway's niece, but he could not keep his attention from wandering to the little figure in the gay gown of black and yellow satin sitting beside Parkhurst. "You don't like her dress, I see," said Stella, following his glance of cold disapproval. "Daisy always did have the oddest taste in dress, and no one can persuade her that it is not perfect. Gray hair, smoked glasses, bare arms and shoulders, painted face, corsets and bustle. Did ever any one see such a combination?"

"It is not modern certainly," replied Tom, trying not to sneer. "I believe there was a time when all society ladies dressed in that way. In these days of common sense obedience to the laws of beauty it is hardly conceivable."

"Daisy has a perfect mania for collecting old things. They say it is a characteristic handed down from a grandmother, who would give as much as would make a poor family comfortable for a year to possess a rickety chair or a soiled bedstead or any equally useless thing that had been owned by a person of distinction."

"Do you know that to be a fact?" asked Tom eagerly. It had occurred to him that if such a mania could be proved he would have sufficiently good grounds for breaking his engagement to Daisy. The law was not meant to enforce marriage with one who had so questionable an inheritance for the coming generations.

"I do not know Daisy intimately," confessed Stella, "although she is a cousin, but I have reason to believe it is a fact. A great many persons have told me so."

"Can you give me the name of any of them?"

"You seem to doubt me," replied Stella coldly. "I ought to have remembered that you would naturally require proof of anything said against the young lady to whom you are betrothed."

There was a peculiar emphasis on the word "young" that Tom did not fail to notice, but what troubled him most was the very evident fact that Stella was displeased. He felt that she had information which might be of great use to him, and that he must exert himself to propitiate her.

"I asked," he said quickly, "not because I doubted you—please believe I could not do that—but for an entirely different reason in which I should prefer not to mention just at present."

"I beg that you will not mention it at all," interrupted Stella, with an asperity that caused Tom to wonder whether there might not be more than one of Stella's cousins who had a bad temper. "Excuse me, please," she added, with a friendly smile. "I wish to speak with you."

Stella crossed the room and pretended to button her gown, while she murmured: "Oh, my unfortunate cousin! I'm dying to laugh, but I can't very well betray myself into trouble now."

It was decided that evening that Daisy should attend her first reception on the following week. It was to be given at the elegant home of the De Quinceys, who were considered the wealthiest, most refined and most benevolent family in the state.

"Will this dress do to wear?" asked Daisy of Tom when the reception had been planned by Mrs. De Quincey and endorsed by Mrs. Ridgway. "I want to please you," she added, "since it will be the first time we shall appear in society together."

"If you will pardon me for saying so," replied Tom coldly, "I do not like this dress at all."

"Do you not like colors? I see so many ladies here in white."

"I do not like colors, and I detest stripes and spots and checks and everything which tends to make a woman look like a peacock."

"I am so glad I have a white dress," replied Daisy as sweetly as if Tom had not been in the least unpleasantly in his manner of speech. "It is of white silk," she added, "so stiff as almost to stand alone, and it rustles when I walk like wind blowing through the corn. It has a train three yards long, and there are no sleeves at all—just a little strap over the shoulder. It is trimmed with passementerie which sparkles with every movement, and I have some beautiful jewels which were left me by my grandmother. Do not fear that I shall not make a sensation. Even you, who, I am told, have broken the hearts of so many girls, cannot fail to be satisfied with my appearance. It will be simply stunning."

Think what that was to hear from the lips of a girl to whom one was betrothed in a hand where the perfection of style was expressed in the words "beauty unadorned adorned the most," where jewelry and beads and passementerie were looked upon as relics of barbarism; where only savages dressed themselves in colors; where the natural form and complexion were considered most beautiful; where trailing skirts were looked upon as an almost unparadiseable evidence of untidiness! Think how it must have sounded in the ears of a man who was the acknowledged leader in the art of beautiful dressing. The fastidious Tom could not find words to express his disapprobation of the gown she described. It seemed to him that, in the face of such utter lack of appreciation of the beautiful, nothing he could say would have the slightest effect. He was reduced to a state of hopeless speechlessness quite foreign to him, but his companion chatted as incessantly as if she believed him to be infatuated with her conversational powers.

Tom could not but admit that her voice was exquisitely sweet and well modulated. It vibrated most pleasantly upon his sensitive ear, and its charm was not diminished by the use of poor diction and a faulty pronunciation. It would have been a delight to him to listen to her could he have sat with closed eyes, even though she talked only of trivial things. She reminded him of the characters portrayed in some of the novels which were supposed to represent society as it was between the years 1870 and 1886. In his fine condemnation of that age, as represented by Daisy, he failed to see that he himself showed a share of the inheritance handed down by the parents of those days in that love of luxurious ease which had been sufficiently strong to tempt him to place himself in his present unhappy position.

"I think, Mr. Wainwright," said Daisy quite suddenly, "that already you repeat your proposal. Am I not good enough in your opinion to help you evade a tax which every honorable man should be willing to pay? Or do you think yourself worthy of the best, no matter what use you wish to make of her? Does your exquisite taste rob you of the instincts of true manhood?"

There was a touch of sarcasm in the soft voice that cut Tom like a knife. He tried to give her to understand that he would not tolerate such insinuations, even from a woman, but he could not speak. She had shown him a picture of himself which he despised, yet which he could not deny.

"I intend," continued Daisy, rising and confronting him, "I intend to hold you to your proposal, because it suits my convenience to do so, but I wish you to understand that you have not inspired my respect and that I do not care to see you except when you must appear as my escort. I am disappointed in you. I had thought, judging by what my cousin wrote, that you were a gentleman."

"May I ask how I have displeased you?" asked Tom coldly.

"You have shown that you are disappointed because I am less beautiful than Sander pictured me. Do not try to deny it. I have seen it in your eyes from the first, but I should like to ask you what you are that you give yourself the right to criticize my personal appearance. A man who, to continue his selfish indulgence, will resort to such methods as I am helping you to carry out, and who, instead of showing proper appreciation of my good intentions, seeks in a manner most conspicuous and insulting because I am not beautiful as a picture! You shall carry out your part of our contract, Mr. Wainwright, or suffer the consequences. I shall expect you to be here in good season to escort me to Mrs. De Quincey's, but I do not care to see you again in the meantime. You need not fear that I shall exact much attention from you when once we are there. I am not quite so unattractive as that would imply."

She swept him a mocking bow, and, walking away with the air of an empress, joined the party of young people who had gathered around the piano in the music room. The next moment Tom heard her singing with young De Quincey, and, angry as he was, he could not help paying a silent tribute to her beautiful voice.

"If she were only half civilized," he mused, "and not quite so angry—but, no, even her voice does not make her endurable."

Tom quietly left the house, without a word of parting to any one, and made his way to his own room. He had never been more thoroughly wretched. He felt that, in one respect, Sander's description of his cousin had not been at all true—he did have a temper!

"Beasts!" he thought, "what a performance it would be to a man to be so angry!"

Tom was not alone in his anger. Several of the young ladies who had been present at the reception were also angry, and they were all angry for the same reason.

"I wish you were in my boots, Parkhurst!" began Tom.

"I should like it of all things, my boy! Hand-me-downs, refined, popular, wealthy—what more can a man ask? As for Miss Daisy, you are kinder than you need to be to her. She has a certain power of attraction that more than one of your acquaintances seems to appreciate. I saw her out riding yesterday with young De Quincey and today with Walton Humphrey."

"You didn't!" exclaimed Tom in amazement.

"Certainly did. You might have seen her also had you not been napping here in your room. There have not been so many callers at the Ridgways in years as there have been since Miss Daisy came to the city."

Tom brightened up under the influence of the lawyer's information. It is wonderful how much easier it is to endure a person when one discovers that he is sought for among the leaders of society. Tom began to think that he might at least endure what De Quincey and Humphrey delicately sought. He began at once to make preparations to attend the reception at the De Quinceys. Half an hour ago he had decided to send word that he was too ill to go, trusting that she might accept the excuse. He decided to dress himself with even more than his usual care and to appear so brilliant that his unhappy manner during that last evening at the Ridgways would be credited to the preliminary symptoms of the indisposition which had followed. He was grateful now to Parkhurst for having spread the report that he was not feeling well, although he had been annoyed when his friends first began dropping in to make inquiries concerning his health.

Tom never looked better than he did when standing before the grate in Mrs. Ridgway's sitting room, waiting for the appearance of Daisy. He heard her voice in the hall, and, summoning a polite smile to his face, turned to greet her. The heavy draperies before the door were pushed aside. Tom advanced a step or two and stood face to face with a vision of loveliness which fairly took his breath away. The smile became more genial as he softly explained that he was expecting to see Miss Blake.

"I am Miss Blake," replied the girl quietly.

It was Daisy's voice surely, but what had become of the gray hair and the smoked glasses? Where were the heavy eyebrows which had not so sternly over the glasses? Where was the ugly black patch which had adorned one cheek? Where was the ugly wart which he had seen on the side of her nose?

"You are disappointed once more, I perceive," said Daisy, breaking the uncomfortable silence which had fallen between them.

"I presume I might as well explain, Mr. Wainwright, that I have been acting a part. I wished to convince myself that you were as perfect as my cousin Sander represented you to be. Shall we go now? It is growing late."

"You were fortunate in having such able assistants to make your little comedy so enjoyable," said Tom coldly.

"Oh, you need not blame your friends! No one wanted to do it at first, but I persuaded them to change their minds. Sander may not have told you that I usually have my own way."

Once more Tom was speechless. It was not difficult for him to believe that so charming a girl always had her own way. He would have turned against her friend he had for the sake of pleasing her, but to have his friends turn against him was different.

"I suppose Parkhurst knew," he said after he had helped Daisy into the carriage and taken a seat beside her.

"Oh, yes," replied Daisy, changing to the seat opposite. "Mr. Parkhurst knew. He was thoughtful to persuade, however."

Tom thought how Parkhurst had tried to persuade him to appear perfectly satisfied with his engagement to Miss

obliged to go through life with such a virgin!"

CHAPTER IV.

During the days which followed, Tom grew thin. His appetite fled, and lines of worry were deeply drawn in his face. His lawyer assured him that he was a fool for showing his annoyance so plainly and by that means giving his friends so good an opportunity to discuss his affairs.

"They will mistrust that you are hard up," he said, "and then you will lose prestige. I am ashamed of you, Tom. Why don't you brace up and be a man about it?"

"I wish you were in my boots, Parkhurst!" began Tom.

"I should like it of all things, my boy! Hand-me-downs, refined, popular, wealthy—what more can a man ask? As for Miss Daisy, you are kinder than you need to be to her. She has a certain power of attraction that more than one of your acquaintances seems to appreciate. I saw her out riding yesterday with young De Quincey and today with Walton Humphrey."

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the pleasure of seeing Daisy surrounded by the most eligible young men in the room and making herself delightfully agreeable to every one but himself.

"Because, Tom," replied the old lawyer gravely, "I thought it would do you good. So did Mrs. Ridgway, who, as you know, has always taken a motherly interest in you. You will pardon me for saying that you were becoming too firmly impressed with the belief that the best of everything belonged by right to yourself. Do not get angry with me for saying so. Remember that I was an old friend of your father."

Tom was angry. He was angry, and the more he thought of it the angrier he became. It was quite natural that he should be, and his friends appreciated that fact, and bore with him as patiently as possible, believing that before many days he would be himself again.

"Tom," said Parkhurst, "take my advice and appear to enjoy yourself. You look like a thundercloud. Keep your eyes away from Miss Daisy. Leave her as severely alone as you could possibly desire and give your attention to the other young ladies, as you used to do."

This time Tom saw that the lawyer's advice was good, and he tried to act up to it from that moment. He never spoke to Daisy unless it was absolutely necessary, and no one guessed how much of self denial he practiced in consequence. He was soon on as good terms as ever with his friends and was the idol of society, as he had always been.

The young ladies raved over him, but he could not win one smile from Daisy, except when she thought it was demanded by the rules of politeness. She was the personification of selfishness whenever they happened to be alone together.

At first Tom had laughed lightly when his friends mentioned her evident aversion of him, but there came a time when he could not bear it and when his flashing eyes warned them that it was a subject which he would not hear discussed. There came a time when Tom realized that Daisy held his happiness in her keeping, and that it was a matter of indifference to her. There were days when he was filled with a fierce exultation at the thought that she was bound to him for a period of more than two years yet, and that no one could claim superior rights. There were other times when he felt that to see her and to wait upon her and know that he had no part in her life was a torture which was fast becoming greater than he could bear. There were bright moments when he resolved to win her love or die in the attempt. There were dark nights when he thought of the easiest and sweetest means of committing suicide. He had played at love a great many times and enjoyed it. He was deeply in love now and was miserable.

How was it with Daisy? It is a question which that young lady would have found difficult had she tried to answer it, but she did not try. She had come to the city fully determined to give the best of herself to her husband. She had resolved never to marry, at least not until she had won fame in the musical world. She had entered into the engagement with Tom principally because she believed that by so doing she would be free from importunities of other men which she might otherwise have found distracting. She was a very earnest young lady, who had brought the whole force of her strong nature to bear before the altar of her ambition. Even her pleasures were enjoyed with the thought that such recreation, if not too often indulged in, would enable her to work more profitably. It had amused her for two reasons to play a part to deceive Tom—she wished to know if she possessed the qualities necessary to a successful actor, and she fancied that it would be more enjoyable than it had proved to be to try the man whom her cousin praised so extravagantly. Daisy was inclined to be cynical in her opinions of men. When she had first seen Tom's face, she had liked it. She told herself afterward that she might have liked it even better than she should, considering her ambition, had he not proved himself so little of a gentleman. Therefore she was glad that he had behaved just as he did. She believed she had forever dismissed that subject with her disapproval of his conduct, and that now her heart was impenetrable so far as he was concerned.

At first Tom's opinions and preferences were really a matter of indifference to Daisy, but as a young lady likes to have the most attractive gentleman of her acquaintance attentive to every one but herself, Daisy was not pleased with Tom's behavior. Had she shown her displeasure in the ordinary way she might have been the recipient of more attention from him than she would have liked at that time, but she did nothing in the ordinary way, and she deceived even herself as to her opinion of Tom.

She realized that he made her uncomfortable, but she said it was because he was so very earnest, and she was sure that she should always despise a man who judged people entirely by their personal appearance. There was no dependence to be placed in one whose re-

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she had won fame in the musical world. She had entered into the engagement with Tom principally because she believed that by so doing she would be free from importunities of other men which she might otherwise have found distracting. She was a very earnest young lady, who had brought the whole force of her strong nature to bear before the altar of her ambition. Even her pleasures were enjoyed with the thought that such recreation, if not too often indulged in, would enable her to work more profitably. It had amused her for two reasons to play a part to deceive Tom—she wished to know if she possessed the qualities necessary to a successful actor, and she fancied that it would be more enjoyable than it had proved to be to try the man whom her cousin praised so extravagantly. Daisy was inclined to be cynical in her opinions of men. When she had first seen Tom's face, she had liked it. She told herself afterward that she might have liked it even better than she should, considering her ambition, had he not proved himself so little of a gentleman. Therefore she was glad that he had behaved just as he did. She believed she had forever dismissed that subject with her disapproval of his conduct, and that now her heart was impenetrable so far as he was concerned.

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Newport Illuminating Company

B. L. Tobacco
will not give
Heart-burn, or
Bite your
Tongue.



Best and
Cheapest, as it is
made from the

Finest Leaf, and
is a Long Chew.

my patience is equal to it. It began with tears and exclamations of joy and ended with happy laughter and merriment. It is not unlikely that as long as they live Mr. and Mrs. Tom Winslow will be teased about their experiences in Mr. Calhoun's barnyard and their p

When Tom hears a bachelor friend wondering how he can manage to evade the matrimonial tax, he invariably says: "By getting married, my boy. A man is a fool to remain single when it costs him no more to have a home of his own."

"He would still be a fool," replied Tom.

THE END.

MIMICRY AND REASON.

Indication That This Monkey Is Endowed
With a Share of Each.

"The other day two young men

was chewing gum, and one of the suggested that she give the morsel some, expecting that if he took it in mouth it would stick to his teeth, he would make sorry work of trying to chew it. The girl at once parted with the sweet morsel who was so industrious in chewing, and he was so

and put it into his mouth, but instead of chewing it, or attempting to, he pulled it out in small ribbons, as children are frequently seen to do. When he had it all out of his mouth, he rolled it into a compact ball between his hands, threw it into his mouth and began the operation all over again.

"That's all right," rejoined another, "but I had an experience with same monkey wherein he displayed intelligence. I was by the cage one day, and I thought to annoy him by blowing smoke in his face. I was un-

dened by his edging up as near as possible to receive the smoke in his voluminous. Soon he began scratch himself at the point where most of the smoke came against him. When I smoked one side for a few minutes would turn squarely round to have

and received the smoke squarely in
face and neck. I don't know when
he held his breath, but he did not cough
sneeze or wince a particle. To complete
the job he then sat with his back to
me, and it would have done you
to have seen him throw his hand

motion. Now that monkey kn
through some sort of intelligence,
nothing will send fleas and other in
to the surface or stupefy them as ef
ively as tobacco smoke."—Utica
server.

A

**Women
Adm**
- FOR -

WASHING DONE

"without it. I can't wash my face
in the world!" — Mrs. G. C. ...
"I am delighted to do so."

THE J. D. WILLIAMS CO., NEW YORK

Pitcher's Castoria.

THE J. D. WILLIAMS CO., NEW YORK

who was with him, "he takes such liberties with it."

"He must be," replied the composer who was writing, "he takes such liberties with it."

M. JONES, Providence, R. I.
THE J. E. MULLANE CO., STON-

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